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successfully frustrated. Meanwhile the promised succor from home failed to arrive, and when, early in June, Sir Francis Drake came up the coast to inquire what he might do to assist the colonists, they decided to return with him to England.

The attempt ended, like many another before and since, but Raleigh had provided Hariot to be his eyes in the new land, and from him he received a report which remains of inestimable value to everyone who would know what North America and its inhabitants were like in 1585.

GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

Indian Story and Song from North America. By ALICE C. FLETCHER.
Boston : Small, Maynard, & Co. 1900. 12°, xiv, 126 pp.

It is to be regretted that in American ethnology (and perhaps in all sciences) the explorers seldom come in touch with the public. They write for the few, and present their subject in plain language, but do not take pains to make it attractive with graces of diction. Their knowledge passes through the hands of persons less accurately informed, and sometimes less zealous for exact truth, in order to reach the many.

In the work before us Miss Fletcher has departed from the precedent of her confrères. Having marched for years in the advance guard of ethnology, she has halted for a while to tell her tale to the people. Her little collection of *Indian Story and Song* must prove entertaining and instructive to all readers ; it does not belong to what Bandelier calls the "romantic school" of ethnology, yet it must serve to give the average Caucasian a more exalted idea of the savage mind.

We once heard a prosaic gentleman denounce, as affected, those persons who profess to admire Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break." It had no meaning, he said ; it told nothing. Perhaps he desired in poetry something like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which leaves nothing to be explained or imagined. The charm of the poem to the impressionable is that it suggests without explaining. Taxing not the intellect, it awakens in the mind emotions such as the poet must have felt, if in a less degree. But if the appreciative reader knows something of the poet's early life, of his youthful friendship, and of his great bereavement, he sees a yet deeper meaning in the poem. Read a biography of Tennyson up to his twenty-fourth year, then read these four short stanzas, and the waves will crash on the "cold gray stones" with an added sadness in their monotony.

Such is the light that Miss Fletcher throws on Indian songs. "Meaningless grunts," as some have called them, take on a meaning under her hands ; the senseless vocables, the disjointed sentences, the

mere "Ha—ha—ha" of the "Song of the Laugh" become poetry. And if it is poetry at all to us scoffing Aryans, how much more poetic is it to those who were born with these songs as their heritage and have grown up with them!

We have no doubt of the correctness of the musical notation and of the harmonizing. The greater part of this work was done by the late Prof. John Comfort Fillmore, that zealous student of primitive song whose untimely loss all Americanists so deeply mourn. We are not sufficiently skilled in music to judge of the propriety of adding these harmonies. We have been told that the musical hearer understands the airs better by having the harmonies printed. Professor Fillmore has told us that the Indians themselves like to hear them, and that when, for experiment, he struck a false note, the Indians expressed their displeasure. Certainly those who object to their presence in this work as too civilized are at liberty to run the blue pencil through them.

We had the good fortune some years ago to hear the "Song of the Spirit" (page 58) sung by two Omaha Indians. It had no verbal meaning; it consisted merely of vowels; yet it was melancholy dirge, well suited to the voices of mourners.

WASHINGTON MATTHEWS.

An Old Indian Village. By JOHN AUGUST UDDEN. (Published by authority of the Board of Directors of Augustana College and Theological Seminary.) Rock Island, Ill.: 1900. Roy. 8°, 80 pp.

This is a well dressed, well prepared, and altogether sensible account of personal researches conducted at intervals during seven years, beginning in 1881, while the author was engaged as an instructor in Bethany Academy, now Bethany College, at Lindsborg, Kansas.

The Indian village to which the memoir is devoted was situated on Paint creek, about a mile and a half south of Smoky Hill river, in McPherson county, Kansas. The remains consist of a group of fifteen low mounds, defining the lodge sites, apparently without particular order of arrangement, but being about 125 feet apart and covering in all an area of some twenty acres. The mounds are circular; none of them exceeds three feet in height, while some rise only slightly above the surrounding level. The material of which they are composed consists principally of loose soil or mud, and in this the relics were found. The soil was not disturbed below the original surface of the plain. "It was not possible," says the author, "to detect any order in the arrangement of the contents of the mounds and there were no buried human remains. Just how the mounds were built seems uncertain. The mud perhaps